

The Tangled Skein.

Two men were talking by the sea. Of what had been and what might be, And as the first his hopes made known The tide upon the bar made moan.

"The boat I ask of late is tame— A world-known and an honored name. I ask not love. Let that pass by. It same be mine, that cannot die. Those in the valley seek for love; My feet must climb the heights above."

"I ask not love," the other said; "What mingles gales when I am dead? To be mine the bones of love and home, From which my feet may never roam; The lowest path will pleasant be; It love be there to walk with me."

Ab, strange indeed, the ways of fate, The tangled threads will tot come straight!

Love came who asked for fame, The world has never heard his name, With wife and children by his side, His neighbors think him dead. But by his heart he often hears The great world's praises in his ears, And wonders vaguely who were best, The hills wide o'er valley's rest?

To him who asked for love and home, Came home, and ever had to roam. Through all the world his fame is known, But goes on unloved alone. Men envy him. They cannot know That his heart beats true to me. For love and home. Below he sees, With longing eyes, the valley's peace. But up the hill he climbs alone; He asked for bread and found a stone.

Oh, sorely tangled skein of fate! Some time, God grant, the threads come straight.

—Eben B. Resford.

Up the River With a Lunatic.

Alf Dixon, Tom Giffard, and I had gone up the river camping out; we had done our second day's work. It was early morning, the first day, glorious weather, and we were pulling along the steering lines in order. Giffard and Dixon were on the bank talking to Dr. Rawie. As I understood it, the doctor was at the head of private asylum for lunatics. He was Giffard's friend, not mine. He had been a doctor, but had given up medical practice when he became a lunatic when he happened to fall in with us just as we were sitting down to our open-air breakfast; the chance meeting led him to follow us, and to share our meal. He did.

He was a pleasure fellow, not too old and not too young. I liked him exceedingly. We talked of things in general, and of lunatics in particular. Something had been said about the doctor's speaking of the culling of certain classes of lunatics, and the difficulty of keeping them from four walls—the fact that one of his inmates had escaped a day or two previous. I asked him if he had been taken. This was the more surprising, as it was tolerably certain he had not gone far, and had been made for him in every direction.

Alf and Dixon were saying good-bye to the doctor, and the doctor laughingly said:

"Should you happen to come across him, I shall consider you bound to bring him back to me. He's a man of iron-gray hair, and has a curious habit of showing his teeth and winking his left eye. Don't look out for a raving lunatic; he'll be right at you. If you see him, you do, let him lose his temper; for whenever he does, though ever so slightly, he invariably goes in for a scuffle, or for a fight, and does for two keepers already. And don't let him out of the boat; the shore, I mean."

"What the dickens are you up to?" said Alf. "What's the matter with you?"

"Exitable temperament, hot-blooded," said the stranger.

I could have said something had I chosen to, but I preferred discretion; I didn't like his eyes.

California's Famous Trotter.

A letter from Newburgh, N. Y., to the New York *Sun* says: The wonderful performance of the trotter St. Julian in the Oakland track in California, the previous Friday, General Gaulay cheered lustily after the horse had made a mile in 3:13, the fastest time on record, recalls to mind the story of St. Julian, who, it is told, was the first who first put him on his feet. Mr. Gaulay was then the owner of the half-mile trotting track at Goshen, this county. The track was kept in good condition, and he treated us and them with the best of hospitality. The boat tipped right out of the water, but I didn't care. The man was glaring at me with cruel eyes; my muscles were strong, my fists clenched every moment I expected him to strike.

Dr. Rawie's warning, "Don't let him loose; he's a raving lunatic," led me to the boat. The boat tipped right out of the water, but I didn't care. The man was glaring at me with cruel eyes; my muscles were strong, my fists clenched every moment I expected him to strike.

In passing Tom I whispered in his ear, "The lunatic." I said.

"Hold your row, you confounded twoys."

"Hold your row, you